

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/1

Adam Middleton-Watts

arachnid angst

an attempt is being made
to move beyond the corners
if cancer can take the shape
of a thousand dour looks
then so too
can the spider in the mind
cast a thousand daily nets
this is existence in acidic silk
movements burn to the bone
decisions hang like the
husks of eaten lives
eight legs
and a dozen eyes
squat swollen in
dark cerebral ponds

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along the Riviera

in cafes that go forever unnamed
that each house a dozen slender flames
atop a clutch of melting towers
there is red wine and talk
but nothing like commitment
and the heated crusts
reveal their pillowed centers
as raindrops trace the paths
of their departed kin
down panes of clouded glass
if this were a dream
it would all too swiftly fail
under an assault of sad regret
and the guilt for knowing reality
but if not a dream
then what?
fiction?
something phantasmagorical?
lies that quickly become
the sturdy bones of dreams?
it cannot be said for sure
for all these particular cafés
each knowing neither name nor place
nor time
still stand designed
with wine and flame
exactly
as I would
have them

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there was death in the sun today

a long line of recollection
images held in living tombs
eyes upon an ocean
it was life
parading for death
bumper to bumper
the graveyard near
with its gnarly
glinting teeth
and open throat
and as a spotted bug
crawled across my window
and a cyclist felt the heat
of flexing limbs
I thought of shells
within velvet wood
deep breaths at the edge
of warm earth
bony fingers knotted
against things inexorable
and those sudden
looks behind